

In Memoriam
Kay Dinsmoor, 1931–2009



Business Manager of the Journal of the Experimental Analysis of Behavior, and Assistant Secretary/Assistant Treasurer of the Society for the Experimental Analysis of Behavior, and our heroine, 1958–2008.

On May 26, 2009, Kay Dinsmoor died at home following a long illness. Her passing marks the end of an era for the Society for the Experimental Analysis of Behavior. Kay's efforts launched a thousand manuscripts, but her work ethic, attention to detail, her skills and wit became the stuff of songs and poems. Presented here is a compilation of memories and songs written by those who knew her at her working best.

Vic Laties remembers Kay's competence, style, and attention to detail:

In the spring of 1962, John Boren, the second editor of JEAB, commented in his annual report to SEAB board members that the business office was "in extremely competent hands." His opinion was shared by everyone who came in contact with Kay. Hired in December 1959, she proved capable of skillfully meeting every crisis the young journal encountered. And there were many. Growth was meteoric, with 500 subscribers when Kay came on board and almost three times that by the end of 1963.

No one had bothered to let the Internal Revenue Service know that we existed and in 1963 the new journal found that it owed five years of back taxes. The state of Indiana also had to be told of our existence—and given its own share of yearly reports. Our tax-exempt status had to be established. The post office had not been approached to establish second-class mailing privileges. And she was dealing with lawyers and auditors and accountants.

Despite such distractions, Kay had settled down to the more mundane function of a business manager. By the spring of 1963, Boren was reporting that "A substantial part of the income from advertising, back issues, and subscriptions is due to effective promotion work by Kay Dinsmoor." Never one to skimp on her efforts, Kay had sent out over 200 personal letters to librarians and potential advertisers. In addition to her business manager duties, Kay was also the Assistant Secretary/Assistant Treasurer of SEAB and in that capacity she took notes at the annual board meetings, and then wrote up the minutes to distribute to the members of the Board. And Kay did nothing without adding a touch of her inimitable style. Here is a quotation in appreciation of that style, by Bill Morse, then Chairman of the Board, in a letter to Kay on October 4, 1979:

"In reading the minutes, I was impressed again by your tact and skill in distilling the essence of the various discussions. It's truly remarkable how much better the Minutes are than the actual meeting itself."

Kay served as Managing Editor as well as Business Manager from late 1982 through 1987. That meant she dealt with an author's manuscript from when it was accepted, through the



Mara's favorite picture of her mother.

copyediting and proofing stages, until it was finally published. After finding occasional errors in the reference lists, Kay decided not to nag authors about their responsibilities. Instead, she would simply check them all herself. And so, perfectionist that she was, for each JEAB issue she spent a few hours at the Indiana University library verifying all the references.

Charlie Catania remembers Kay's wit:

As others have noted here, Kay Dinsmoor was ubiquitously and energetically and generously involved in a variety of SEAB matters, including budgets and board meetings and promotion and subscription management, among others. What is most memorable to me was her good cheer and her sense of humor, even under trying circumstances, and it seems far more appropriate to provide a few examples than to attempt a description.

The names in the following excerpt from a letter from Kay to Vic Laties (27 October 1969) have been changed, along with university affiliation and city, but they preserve their original structural features:

And while I'm on the subject of things that don't mean anything. Do you offhand know of any reason why Wilbur R. Wilbur of Northern State Univ. should be getting JEAB. I found him in the address file but can't find a card for him. Is he, by any chance, an editor with whom we might be exchanging? It's nothing to worry about; I mention it just in case the name means something to you. I've sent him an expiration notice and we'll see what happens. I figure anyone with a mother who'd name him Wilbur Wilbur has enough problems already. (Don't confuse him with Wilbur H. Wilbur, who is a bona fide subscriber in Metropolis.)

In a letter of 31 August 1984, Kay wrote to me about the page proof of an editorial on JEAB reviews in which I had cited Julian Jaynes' "The origins of consciousness in the breakdown of the bicameral mind."



Kay, caught in a domestic moment, baking her famous brownies.



Kay at the printer in the early days of JEAB.

Dear Charlie:

Thanks for returning your proofs so promptly....

I don't know why the typesetter kept reading "mind" as "wind," but I thought that "breakdown of bicameral wind" had a rather earthy appeal to it!

Regards,

(signed) Kay

Here a note at the end of a letter from Kay to Garth Hopkins (11 October 1969):

As you may guess from the tone of this letter..., the pressure is on here (expiration notices, questionnaires, ad contract letters, September issue, November ad section, etc. etc. etc.).... But it will pass and by next April I'll be my usual sweet, cheerful, bouncy self!

And here an excerpt from a letter from Kay (14 December 1973) in response to my request for information about the cost per journal page, so that I could pass it on to an author whose submission needed substantial cutting (at that time I was serving as Review Editor).

Dear Charlie:

Vic has passed on to me your note ... requesting figures on the cost per JEAB page....

Could you wait about three weeks? The November printing bill isn't in yet and at the end of the year I'll be putting all these figures together for the annual report, so getting your figures at that point would be much simpler than trying to dig them out right now. Typesetting for 1973 was \$17.50 per page, I think, but there is a 10% increase that went into effect with the November issue, so that will increase; the printer's bill went up about 6%, as I recall with the November issue.

But I can say with certainty that the figures are frightening. Will that hold you for now?

Best wishes for the Holidays,

Regards,

Kay



Kay, as many remember her, at her working best.



Kay, receiving The Victor G. Laties Award for lifetime service to the Society for the Experimental Analysis of Behavior, in Chicago, 2008. Also note Phil Himeline, presenter; and Victor Laties in background.

We counted on Kay to get the work done, but it was also important to us all that even when bearing bad news she had a remarkable capacity to amuse. If we ever needed an ostensive definition of equanimity and good humor, we had only to point to Kay Dinsmoor.

Phil Himeline remembers:

Several changes in the process of JEAB's production occurred along with the beginning of my term as Editor of JEAB, and Kay quickly became my heroine when, in addition to her other roles that kept our ship afloat and on course, she took on the copy editing of several issues. Initially, I was to edit for content and she for style and punctuation (She was an English major, and I usually invoke the comma "by voice" instead of by rule). We quickly found, however, that the boundary between style and content was a fuzzy one. Nevertheless, that never generated disagreement between us, mainly because when punctuation, format or conventions of citation were at issue, Kay was always right, and could tell me why in her firm but gentle way. Matters of style and content proved inseparable, but if they didn't involve punctuation I was home free. Sometime in the midst of this there arose the matter of Kay's 25th year with the Journal, and a celebration that was to be held at the SEAB annual banquet, which includes past action editors of the two journals and distinguished guests. This presented a substantial (i.e. financial) problem, for knowing Kay, any frivolous expenses for the Journal would detract from her enjoyment, especially if she were to be the beneficiary. Thus was born a "low-budget singing telegram," delivered free of charge, however amateurishly, in the rotating restaurant high above Toronto, Canada, to the tune of "*All the things you are*."

You are the strength behind our masthead
who makes editorial fatheads seem smart.

You are the greeter to new subscribers
who raises business letters to the level of art.

Typesetters, editors, librarians
are firmly guided by your gentle hand.

JE-AB would be so much less without you,
and SE-AB is much indebted, too,
for all the wondrous things you do.

For me, that pretty much said it all.

Another song from Phil Hineline, written in collaboration with Charlie Catania and sung by Phil to the tune of “*The Star-Spangled Banner*” was one more tribute to Kay, presented at the Atlanta SEAB Banquet in 2006.

Oh, Kay, can you see
By our gath’ring tonight
Just how grateful we are—
Our Society’s thriving

When subscriptions were down
Sometimes budgets were tight
But you still pulled us through

So there were no tears streaming
And the editors knew
And our authors did too
That we’d cited things right
‘Cause Kay Dinsmoor was there

Oh, Kay, you’re so much part of
JABA and JEAB
What a treasure we have had
In your care of SEAB.

Edmund Fantino adds his memories on Kay’s empathy and modesty:

At JEAB, Kay was competence and helpfulness personified. The business end of JEAB while I was Editor was handled so seamlessly that I can’t remember a glitch. But I best remember two impressions from ABA meetings. At SEAB board meetings food was sometimes served and I would bring my own macrobiotic fare (for my illness). Each year Kay would comment on my “incredible” fortitude and sacrifice in following the diet. Each year I would assure her that it was no sacrifice at all (I love the food) but I was always touched by her empathy. Kay was modest almost beyond reason and this modesty apparently extended to Jim. After I had the privilege to speak at Jim’s memorial, Kay said to me: “I had no idea he was so important”.

Andy Lattal remembers Kay’s contribution to his intellectual journey:

It seems like I knew Kay Dinsmoor forever. She was there when, as an almost-brand-new graduate student in 1965, I happily ordered all the back issues of *JEAB*. That entailed Kay sending me, very promptly, volumes 1–7 for the princely sum of, as I recall, around fifty bucks. She did the paperwork, reprint order, and final check of references on my first *JEAB* article a few years later, along with every other *JEAB* paper I submitted until her retirement from the role of Business Manager in 1991. I am convinced (along with many other people, I am sure) that she made it her personal goal to find at least one missing reference, page number, volume number, or the like in my reference lists in each of those articles. Some years later, Kay was there when I was invited to join *JEAB*’s Editorial Board and thereafter when I became an Associate Editor. I remember many conversations with Kay during those times about matters large and small relating to improving the quality of *JEAB*’s articles. Her experience and training, combined with her approachable style of engagement, made her an especially valuable resource to both authors and those in editorial roles. During the old ABA conventions in Tennessee, we also shared a passion for collecting Grand Ole Opry No. # 2 pencils, which we both found to be *the best* for doing crossword puzzles. By the time I served as Editor, Kay had passed her *JEAB* duties on to Devonian Stein, but she continued to work with the Society for the Experimental Analysis of

Behavior (SEAB), the group that oversees the publication of *JEAB* and the *Journal of Applied Behavior Analysis*. She was at every SEAB Board of Directors meeting and every SEAB dinner I ever attended, except, of course, the last one. She fretted over the details of every one of those Board meetings, from the arrangement of refreshments to making sure the big annual SEAB dinner was “all set.” She importantly served as the Board’s institutional memory on issues large and small, long forgotten, or taken out of context. In her roles with both *JEAB* and SEAB, documented by others in this memorial, Kay was a very important person in my own intellectual journey through behavior analysis, as well as in the intellectual journey of the discipline as a whole. In both formal and informal encounters, Kay always was so exceptional: a bright, talented, knowledgeable, interesting, engaged, witty, together woman. Anyone who heard her acceptance speech as the first co-recipient of the Victor G. Laties Award in 2008 in Chicago knows exactly what I am talking about. She epitomized persistence, continuity, and dedication. How wonderful and rare to have had *JEAB* and SEAB, as well as the careers of so many of us affiliated with *JEAB*, evolve in the context of Kay Dinsmoor. What will we all do without her?

Mary Lou Wright adds a memory confirming Kay’s fiscal conservancy:

When JABA was created by *JEAB* and I was eventually hired by our terrific first editor, Mont Wolf, Kay led me step by step (by mail) through the set-up process. She quickly went from instructor/mentor to special, dear friend. Through the years we kept track of the journals, politics and our children. By the time our kids were adults and busy with their lives, Kay’s Mara, and my Jill, were both living in the Chicago area. When I’d go up to Chicago to visit, we’d ask Mara to join us for dinner, if she could get away from her hospital duties. Once, Jill asked Mara if she’d HAD to work for *JEAB*:

“Oh yes,” Mara responded.

“Didn’t you get tired of pulling the postage meter lever,” Jill asked?

“Well, no, I licked the stamps.” After a couple more questions, Jill complained about the “the lousy salary”.

“You got paid? YOU GOT PAID????” Mara feigned anger.

At that point Jill realized she’d had a pretty good deal all those years ago, and I knew Kay would be receiving a PHONE CALL within the next 48 hours.

Kathy Hill remembers:

I first got to know Kay in 1987, while she was training me to take over her responsibilities as Managing Editor of *JEAB*. Her warmth, kindness, and knowledge helped me to overcome my insecurities as I tried to decipher the rather mysterious and arcane language of the experimental analysis of behavior (a “variable-ratio schedule” – say what?). But what really impressed me was her devotion to the journal and her insistence on precision and accuracy. It still amazes me that Kay spent long hours in the Indiana University library, carefully cross-checking every citation in every reference list against the original work, to insure that every reference published in *JEAB* was correct and complete. Now that’s dedication! I continue to miss her calm reassurances and encouragement, and I will never forget her.

Monica Bonner and Devonia Stein remember Kay as a mentor and friend:

Kay was the elegant woman at the head of the table who paid for lunch the day I interviewed for the *JEAB* Business Manager position in December 2007. Since she was retiring from her position as Assistant Secretary/Assistant Treasurer of the Society, Kay needed to teach me the ropes over the next few months. I soon figured out that the best time for this was around 4:00 in the afternoon. We’d meet in her immaculate, warm kitchen and she would gently guide me through the many details involved in payroll, paying government liabilities and the vagaries of financial reporting. She was always supportive and kind, even when correcting my mistakes. Then as soon as we were done, it was time for the wine. We both liked cheap wine, she favored White Zinfandel from a box; and I kept a bottle of two-buck Chuck Sauvignon Blanc in her fridge for variation. We’d talk about kids, husbands, jobs, about our childhoods and about the

“camp” in New Hampshire. I loved those work-sessions and came to admire her for her political opinions (which, fortunately, I shared), her understated wit, her kindness and her generosity. Once I was rewiring a lamp for Kay and I needed a wire-stripper. She went to the garage and brought back this complex gadget the likes of which I’d never seen. I was puzzled, but she assured me it was Jim’s wire-stripper. Sure enough, if you put the wire in just so, the little gadget would nip off just the plastic coating and pull it away from the little electrical wires inside in one easy motion and so neatly that I stood there nipping away at the wire in amazement. After wine and fixing the lamp, Kay sent me home with the wire strippers as a gift, since she knew I admired them.

Kay’s health had declined by the Chicago meeting in 2008, because the lung cancer had returned. She tired easily; family visited more frequently than before. Hospice came into the picture early in 2009, and Kay became homebound. Devonian was always about, making brownies and soups in Kay’s own kitchen so that Kay could enjoy the aromas, though she didn’t have much appetite. I saw Kay just before the 2009 ABAI meeting, and I knew it would be the final time. She was in bed, weak, rail thin, but quite lucid. She had, right there at her bedside, a thermal carafe that had been imprinted with the JEAB logo (a memento from Len Green’s Editorial days). It was well worn and obviously one of her treasured possessions. Devonian tells me she used that carafe for her water and for her coffee, every day. When I left, I hugged and hugged her, and, gracious and generous to the end, Kay complimented me on the good quality of my hugs.

Kay’s family visited her on Memorial Day weekend in 2009. Mara, her daughter, her sons, Rob and Dan, daughter-in-law, Jeanne, and her grandchildren were all there. Devonian was there, too, making Kay’s famous brownies for them. By that weekend’s end, Kay was no longer conscious. The family left, but Devonian stayed and played Kay’s favorite CDs. Kay died quite peacefully on May 26, 2009, holding Devonian’s hand.

Before she died, Kay asked Devonian to do her a favor: “Please say good-bye to all of my friends I can no longer reach.” In closing, we would like to pass that message on to all of her many friends in the Society of the Experimental Analysis of Behavior, in JEAB and in JABA and beyond. She treasured each one of you.

Kay herself has written the best memorial of her involvement with SEAB, JEAB and JABA. Her reminiscence, entitled “Money is the cheapest thing we have” appeared in the 30th anniversary issue in 1987. The article is reprinted below.

“MONEY’S THE CHEAPEST THING WE’VE GOT”?

Kay Dinsmoor

If we assume that Wordsworth was an authority on such things and if we assume that the writing of poetry is similar to the writing of a reminiscence of JEAB as seen from the Business Office—shaky premises to be sure—then we may assume that this piece, properly composed, would be of strong feelings recollected in moments of tranquility. Strong feelings are certainly there; moments of tranquility are a rare commodity in my life with JEAB.

My introduction to the world of operant conditioning came by a rather circuitous route. In 1953 I came to Indiana University as a graduate student in English literature; as I worked on my Ph.D. (a degree I did not complete, having stopped short of the 18-hour written examination and the dissertation), I taught expository writing to Indiana undergraduates and advanced English composition to foreign students. In 1954 I was introduced to one of the younger members of the psychology faculty, James A. Dinsmoor; when we went out together, he talked of things like reinforcement, aversive control, operant conditioning, and other equally foreign-sounding but somehow familiar concepts. (My parents knew nothing of conditioning or positive reinforcement in those terms, but certainly praising the “right” behavior and discouraging what was “wrong” was very much a part of their repertoires.) Jim also mentioned names like B.F. Skinner and Fred Keller. So, thinking I should try to understand more of what Jim and his students were discussing, I bought a copy of *The Behavior of Organisms* at a secondhand book store. After sampling a few chapters, however, I decided that my one undergraduate course in

psychology (taught by an elderly lady who began the course with “Psychology is the study of the mind”) had not prepared me to understand Skinner, and that Jim would have to settle for an interested listener rather than an active participant.

Not long after we were married, as I finished my course work I was employed by a group of four young instructors who were beginning a new journal at Indiana University, *Victorian Studies*. My role was to do the general editorial typing, write business letters, develop a subscription list, solicit advertising, set up files, compose business and editorial forms, and make certain that the journal did not spend more money than the University subsidy provided. These years, 1956 and 1957, were my apprenticeship for the JEAB job that was to come. My employers nurtured my compulsiveness about detail and taught me that every letter deserves a prompt reply and that business correspondence need not be stuffy—that there was another human being reading that letter.

During 1957 and 1958, when the Bloomington-based Dinsmoors socialized frequently with the Indianapolis-based Fersters and Verhaves, I heard much about a new psychology journal being started and about the problems it was encountering. Because many of these were the problems *Victorian Studies* had already worked through, there was a lot of sharing of information about maintaining subscription lists, courting advertisers, composing business forms and the like, all of which took place during these social gatherings.

In the summer of 1959, after interviews with Charles Ferster, Thom Verhave, Murray Sidman, and Og Lindsley—and after considerable behind-the-scenes agonizing about the advisability of dispersing the journal operation even further by adding a separate business office in a small Midwest town and of turning the journal finances over to a relatively unknown quantity—I was offered the half-time job of Business Manager of JEAB, at an annual salary of \$2,000. It was not until December that the files were shipped to Bloomington and the Business Office began to function out of a small bedroom in our home. The chairman of the Indiana University Psychology Department was happy to have JEAB use the department as a mailing address, an arrangement that has remained mutually beneficial: Indiana is thought of as the “home” of JEAB, without having to provide space or staff, while JEAB benefits from having its name associated with a university and a department well known for excellence in research.

If this home-office arrangement had the important advantage of permitting me to be at home while our children were growing up—and the guilt heaped upon “working mothers” in those days was considerable—it also had some disadvantages. For example, my letterhead shows a business mailing address, but the phone listed there is at our home. One morning an advertising agent, who had taken into account neither the time zones nor the possibility that I had worked most of the night on an expiration notice, called at 8:00 a.m. and was startled to have my husband reply: “She’s in bed; I’ll see if she can come to the phone.” Another example: When back volumes were reprinted, shipments weighing about 2,000 pounds arrived at our house. Drivers expected to find a dock for unloading, and union rules, they explained, obligated them to move cartons only from the back of the truck to the dock. So my job was to move the cartons from the truck into the garage storage area. Usually the men watched me struggle with the 54-pound cartons for a few minutes, but I can recall no instance that they did not eventually come to my aid.

For a time I held both the *Victorian Studies* and the JEAB jobs; however, as both grew, it became apparent in 1963 that I must choose between them. John Boren made that decision relatively easy: If I chose JEAB, the Society would add to my salary what I was making with *Victorian Studies*. (I should add that John Boren, more than any person with whom I have ever worked, is a true believer in positive reinforcement and uses it masterfully; the prospect of being denied his weekly pellets of praise would probably have led me to choose JEAB in any case.)

In 1966, when the Dinsmoors moved to a larger home, JEAB got its own basement office with plenty of room to spread—and a larger garage that is still used to store about 125 cartons of back volumes. (An additional 495 cartons are stored in two other Bloomington locations.) If space has become a problem, it is only because I seem unable to part with files that might someday come in handy. For instance, I have nine long file boxes full of 3×5 salmon cards—one for each individual and each institution that ever subscribed to JEAB, including dates on which orders



The real home of JEAB's Business Office.

were received, volumes purchased, prices paid, and receipt numbers.

It may be difficult for current readers to appreciate the shoe-string existence of JEAB in its earliest years. Although my salary was low and the working conditions were somewhat less than ideal, it should be remembered that everyone else was working with no compensation and under similar constraints. Marilyn Ferster, who copyedited the journal during the early years and who typed the first two issues, received only enough to pay a babysitter while she worked; Og Lindsley, who served as Society Treasurer and also as Business Manager of JEAB during 1957 through most of 1959, had only a pittance to cover secretarial help and supplies; Serena Schoenfeld, who saw to the design of the original JEAB format and oversaw the printing of the early issues, received no compensation; Murray Sidman, who recruited subscribers during 1958 and 1959, and Peter Dews, who solicited advertising during those two years, were not supplied even postage money. There were no editorial honoraria and no expense accounts for secretarial help, postage, phone, or supplies. There was a missionary zeal among the founders of the journal that seemed to transcend such mundane considerations. (Charlie Ferster used to say, when I worried about spending money on equipment, "Money's the cheapest thing we've got." I never believed it for a minute, but it became a household phrase within the Dinsmoor family and is still used when we are trying to justify spending some money.)

I was accused of being a tightwad, but I gave in and spent a little money on equipment: In 1960, JEAB bought an 18-inch-carriage Olympia electric typewriter (the first of three such marvelous machines I've had over the past 28 years); we bought an adding machine, and I was able to put away the abacus-like gadget I had used during the first 10 months. And we purchased



Kay Dinsmoor and JABA's Mary Louise Wright, 1968.



Kay Dinsmoor, 1969, in basement office.

a cast-iron Elliot addressograph machine. Subscribers' names and addresses were cut by typewriter on plastic-paneled cards; these cards were then hand-cranked through the machine for inking and imprinting the information directly onto the journal envelope. (If this now seems crude, be assured that it was a vast improvement over typing the individual mailing labels, the procedure for the first two issues mailed from Bloomington.) Sitting in the middle of the living room floor, I affixed labels and postage (we had not yet obtained a second-class mailing permit), sorted the pieces by city and state, tied them into bundles and put them into bags, and prevailed upon my husband and my son, Dan, to pile the bags into the family station wagon and to help me deliver them to the loading dock at the back of the Bloomington Post Office. But within two or three years, with money more plentiful, I relinquished that job to the Michigan printer (although I continued to provide the addressed envelopes).

Another indication of the growing feeling of affluence was Nate Azrin's insistence, when he became Editor, that I rent a Xerox machine. (I routinely made four copies of all correspondence—for the file, for the Editor, for the Managing Editor, and for the Treasurer.) I don't know if Nate tired of trying to read copies made with badly worn carbon paper or whether he sincerely believed, as he said, that I should be spending my time on more important things than bothering with multiple carbon copies; in any event, that copying machine quickly became as essential to me as the personal computer appears to be to the younger generation.

But now I rarely talk about the difficulties of the "old days"; although I occasionally tell my JABA counterpart and dear friend, Mary Lou Wright, tales of JEAB's Spartan beginnings and chide her about JABA's lack of suffering, her face sometimes takes on the affectionately tolerant but bored expression that my children assume when I start my "When I was your age..." routine.

It is impossible to recreate the excitement of those early years—waiting to see if any of the 100 or so individually typed letters sent annually to prospective advertisers would bring results (they did; by the end of 1964, 37 companies had purchased advertising space in JEAB) and waiting to see if promotional mailings would bring in enough subscribers to pay the bills (they did) and to approach the circulation of the JEP (they did). I remember vividly an IRS examination during the 60s when the examiner asked me where we listed our expenses (such as editorial and secretarial salaries, rent, utilities, staff, postage, supplies) and found it incredible that the editors donated their time and space and that the Society had almost none of the usual overhead

expense. The editorial dedication and sacrifice, obvious even from the financial records, played an important part, I'm sure, in the IRS granting us the tax-exempt status we continue to enjoy.

The hiring of Garth Hopkins as Managing Editor in 1962 did much to give a professional character to JEAB and greatly reduced the inordinate amount of time I spent writing to subscribers to explain why their issues had not arrived; his equilibrium and perpetual cheer did much to relive the stress of my job. And the appointment of Vic Laties as Executive Editor and Treasurer in 1966 (offices he still holds), with his exuberance and enthusiasm and basic good sense in overseeing the money management of the Society, did much to calm my concern that I would be the one held solely responsible if the journal were to suffer some financial disaster. My admiration and affection have continued to grow over the past 20 years; if JABA's Mary Lou Wright and I were forced to choose a SEAB hero, certainly Vic Laties would be the one.

After 28 years with JEAB, I seem to have become a fixture. I was amused and taken aback at a convention a few years ago when a man approached me, read my name tag, and asked me what my *real* name was. It turned out he assumed that the name "Kay Dinsmoor" was a fictitious one assigned to the Business Manager of JEAB over the years to maintain continuity and name recognition—a sort of "Betty Crocker of JEAB." I like that.

Business Manager, JEAB